

CARMEL CYMBAL

VOLUME III, NUMBER 24

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1927

FIVE CENTS. \$2 THE YEAR

Schindler Sings Here June 23

Mr. Willard Schindler who sings at the evening of June 23, is giving the Arts and Crafts Theater on his farewell recitals in California during the months of June and July. Mr. Schindler will leave for the East in August where he will enter into the learning



of some new operatic roles under the coaching of the famous Charles Norman Granville. So impressed with Mr. Schindler was Mr. Granville that he urged him to come and coach for the Chicago Opera Co. as soon as possible, offering him a scholarship for this purpose.

Oakland, where Mr. Schindler resides at the present time, is preparing to give him a grand farewell recital at the Oakland Civic Auditorium some time in July. In the meantime he sings before most of the important clubs, such as the California Club of San Francisco, The Hollywood Woman's Club, The Ebell Club, and the Orpheus Club.

On the evening of June 6, Mr. Schindler sang before the Woman's Civic Club of San Francisco. Many of the most important musicians of San Francisco were present and joined in giving the artist a long to be remembered ovation.

Mrs. Sara R. Deming, president of the Arts and Crafts Club, remarked after hearing Mr. Schindler that she could not remember having been more impressed or charmed by any young artist.

Among other songs, Mr. Schindler is singing a new sea song, "Sea Hunger", lyric by Charles Purdy and music by Thomas Vincent Cator. The artist is a man's singer, and the way he delivers the "Pirate Song" and other sea songs will thrill anyone in a manner not soon to be forgotten.

The Palace Drug Store is selling the tickets for this recital, which is for one evening only.

Twenty-Seven Sunset Pupils To Be Graduated Tomorrow

SCHEDULE AGAIN CHANGED

The Bay Transit company after a few days trial has found it more expedient to change the time of leaving Carmel. In the morning the buses will leave at 7:15 and 8:00 o'clock, instead of 7:30 and 8:30, and at five, six and eight P. M., instead of 5:15, 6:15, and 9:30.

BOY SCOUTS TO HIKE TO

MAL PASO SATURDAY

The Carmel Boy Scouts held their last regular meeting of the season at their hut on Monday evening. An overnight hike was decided on for next week-end to Mal Paso Canyon. Those desiring to go will meet at the office of the Carmel Realty Company at 1:30 Saturday afternoon. Mr. Normand and Mr. Ballou will accompany the scouts on the trip. Informal gatherings of the members of the local patrol will continue at the hut during the summer months.

VOLSTEAD SUPPORTERS HEAR

REVIEW OF PROHIBITION

A number of men who are in favor of the Volstead Act met at Professor Preston W. Search's house on Monday night, and discussed the situation. As this was in the nature of a preliminary meeting, Professor Search reviewed the present situation in general, and the difficulty attending the whole problem of enforcement. He gave an interesting resume of the history of the prohibition movement, and the changes in the administrative force particularly leading up to the present time and the officers now in charge of enforcement.

Professor Search said that at present by act of Congress the whole matter is under Civil Service Organization and a better selection of officers is assured. In Washington D. C. there is now a meeting being held of the administrators of the different States, and they will be instructed as to what is the policy of the prohibition men, and will receive General Andrews' forcement.

plan for the furthering of probation en-

Oliver Marble Gale discussed the matter effectively, and a second meeting will be held on the evening of Monday, June 27, at Professor Search's home, Casanova street and Thirteenth.

TOMORROW afternoon twenty seven students of Sunset School will have passed the first milestone of their scholastic career when Miss Kellogg presents them with their diplomas. The exercises will be opened with a musical program prepared by Pauline Newman, followed by the address of the class president, Bain Reamer. D. L. Van Vellen, principal of the Salinas Union High School will then speak to the students.

Last Friday afternoon the class day exercises were held at the school, nne Walcot read the class prophesy, Genevieve Newell, the class poem, the will was written by Maurine Plein, and the history by Joyce Campion. The pupils who are graduating tomorrow are Mary Bigland, Stanley Bishop, Joyce Campion, Arthur Clay, Albert Comstock, Cynthia Criley, Josephine Dibrell, Charles Grimshaw, Ralph James, Dale Leidig, Teddy Leidig, Ambrose Love, Beatrice McDonald, Genevieve Newell, Maurine Plien, Louise Pryor, Bain Reamer, Elizabeth Reamer, Gladys Roach, Milton Roach, John Rockwell, Harold Follette, Edwin Tyler, Anne Walcott, Joe Bunker, Roy Walls and George Young.

Genevieve Newell's class poem was as follows:

"The End of School"
When the sun shines bright near the
end of school
The children wish for the swimming
pool
Where they can run and play and have
lots of fun,
And never think of their lessons not
done.
The work piles up and there's lots to
do
And you think there's no one so busy as
you.
But you run to the calendar anyway,
And busily count off day by day.
We have to be poets, historians too,
And altogether there's plenty to do,
To write the class songs, the poem and
will,
But graduation is surely a thrill.

—GENEVIEVE NEWELL

Class Prophecy

There is an old proverb that says "Foresight is better than hindsight." From my earliest youth I have practised looking ahead until it is as easy for me to see the future, as it is for you to see things as they

(Turn to Page Twelve)

"Low Relief" Exhibit at The Seven Arts

MARY Washburn of Berkeley is exhibiting her "low relief" plaques at The Seven Arts this week. It is the first time Miss Washburn's work has been shown in town, and it is arousing much interest. She has held exhibitions in San Francisco and Berkeley.

The plaques are cast in plaster and developed in plasticum with a rich old ivory tint. They make unique gifts, and Miss Washburn catches a remarkable likeness in two poses of about one hour each. One particularly attractive plaque was of Edison Marshall Jr., whose father won the Jack London literary prize this year. This was done from several photographs of the child. Miss Washburn did an interesting relief of Paderewski at the piano from memory after his last concert in San Francisco.

It is possible to make at least half a dozen plaques from each intaglio, and they make unusual and personal gifts. Miss Washburn studied at the Art Institute in Chicago with Mulligan and Taft, and in Paris under Edward Sawyer, who made the famous Indian Heads bought by the United States Treasury and many art galleries. She studied coin making with Sawyer, and was the only pupil he ever consented to take, and she thus profited by his fifteen years experience in this special line of art.

Leaders and Tailenders in Boys' League Decided

THE games in the Boy's League last week were both important ones as they decided the first and last places.

The first game was won by the Indians over the Athletics, but the Athletics went down to defeat only after fighting gallantly. Two terrible decisions by the base umpire cost the Athletics two runs and had a lot to do with the losing of the game. The umpire left before the end of the game to save his dignity and face.

The other game proved a second win for the Yankees when they beat the Cubs 8 to 2. The Yanks got four runs in the first inning, giving them the lead which they held to the end of the game. The Indians are now in first place, the Yankees and Athletics tied for second and the Cubs in last. Next weeks games will decide the league when the Indians clash with the dragging Cubs and the Yankees play their tie off with the Athletics.

—DICK CATLETT

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn have arrived in Paris. Mr. Daulton Mann their brother-in-law, who had been in Europe for several weeks joined them there. They will all three go to England for several weeks, when Mr. Mann will sail for home, and the Haldorns go on to the Continent for the summer.

NEW BOOKS AT THE GAME COCK LIBRARY

Twilight Sleep.....Edith Wharton
Bold Bendigo.....Paul Herring
The Wreck of Redwing.....
.....Beatrice Grimshaw
Sons of the Eagles.....George Creel
From Man to Man.....Olive Schreiner
Andy Brandt's Ark.....Edna Bryner
Unresting Year.....Alice Massie
Secretary of State.....Stephen McKenna
Young Men in Love.....Michael Arlen

FIRE QUICKLY EXTINGUISHED BY PROMPT FIRE FIGHTERS

Spontaneous combustion, according to Fire Marshal Robert Leidig, caused a fire in the Alden house, Monte Verde and Seventh, early Monday evening. Quick and efficient work on the part of the fire department saved the house, which is at present occupied by the Darlings of Santa Cruz, who were away from home at the time. The alarm was turned in by a neighbor who saw smoke coming from under the roof. The fire started in a closet, where several mops and brooms were kept, and spread quickly to the room adjoining. The firemen soon had the flames under control. The principal damage to the house and contents was from water.

CHIEF ENGLUND CATCHES SANTA CRUZ AUTO THIEF

Chief of Police August Englund arrested a suspicious character, W. Baldwin, early Monday morning in front of the Carmel Candy Store, and charged him with stealing an automobile bearing California license number 682409. This was traced to Mrs. A. Mack of Santa Cruz, who had had the car stolen from in front of a Santa Cruz hotel. When Englund phoned

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Santa Cruz, he was asked if his prisoner had a scar on one hand. Answering yes, he was told he had the right man, and later in the afternoon turned him over to the Santa Cruz authorities.

CARMEL SCHOOL OF ART WEAVING and flemish tapestry (Gobelin). Six weeks' course \$55. Hendrica van der Flier, Instructor. Graduate of Art Weaving School, The Hague, Holland, and Special Degree for Art, University of California. Casanova, Carmel, California. Address P. O. Box 784. Visitors welcome Saturdays, 3 to 5.

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Thursday

June 23

8:15 P. M.

Arts and Crafts Theater

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(Tickets for sale at Palace Drug Store)

Giants Move Up Closer to Abalone League Championship

I WALKED up to Frank Sheridan
And took him by the hand.
I said "What price the Shamrock's
jinx
Just look where now you stand"
"We're the most distressful ball team
This league has ever seen
We lose, although we try like hell
A-wearing of By's green."

THE good old Shamrock jinx went colorblind on Sunday and took a crack at the Giants. We had hoped he had slunk away after working on Winsor Josselyn, Dooley Stoney and Jack Eaton last week, but no such luck. There must have been a cross-eyed ump somewhere in the crowd, for Doc Staniford, subbing on the Tiger team, slid into second and broke his ankle. The Doc is a fine gritty player, and his absence will be felt. Then two teams lost by one run, several third basemen showed signs of having the hump, and the gallery are thinking seriously of asking the league to install steam heat along with the tricky board and water fountain. Some people are never pleased.

The Pirates, leaders in the American league won a hardfought game from the Robins, score 11 to 10. Byron Pryor hit a home run with men on bases, and Jessie Leslie caught a fly and made a double play unassisted, the second time she has done it this season. Darling played a good game for the Robins and John Herzog was right there when he was needed.

The White Sox are getting into their stride, and beat the Rangers, even with Dutch Stoney talking a marvellous game. Ray Coon and Vic Renslow showed them how to pull off double steals, and Iola Nichols proved she could move faster than the ball, when she got caught between second and third, and on a tossedball hit third safely. In the fifth Red walked Vic and Hershell each got three baggers and Dave Dewey got a two bagger, three runs coming in. The Rangers tried hard to score but could not make it. The score was 11 to 4.

In the afternoon games the Tigers bent the Crescents to horseshoes in the first inning. George Ball got to third on an error, Busey bunted, Jimmy Wilson hit, so did Byron Pryor. Halsted Yates come up with two out and the bases full and rapped out a two bagger. So did Doc Staniford, in all five runs coming in. In their half the Crescents scored one run on Murphy's two bagger and Hanley's hit, and in the third inning Hanley fielded perfectly the Tigers going out one, two, three. In the fifth the Tigers scored another run when Johns, Ball and Busey all hit. Busey pulled a good one in this inning. He started to second and drew the throw, saw

Bill Young touch second and knowing he was out left the field. Suddenly someone decided he wasn't out, and the two teams had one of the famous talk fests, Mr. Busey obligingly trotting back to second from the bench until it was all over, then when the umps finally made himself heard he just obligingly trotted to the bench again and picked up his cigarette. Nice player, Busey.

The comedy of errors continued, Jack Eaton playing well for the Tigers. In the last of the seventh the Crescents tried hard to score, but here too the breaks were all against them, and the game was over Tigers 8 Crescents 1.

The Shamrocks and Giants put on a good game. I think the Shamrocks had a shade the better of the play, but the Giants had one more run, and that is the thing that counted. The Greenshirts started in to do themselves proud, Hanley got a hit, Ernie Schweninger a two bagger, and Eddie Burns drew a walk. So did By Ford, and Steve Field, knowing what would happen to him if he didn't, hit with the bases full. Eddie was out at home, Otto flew out to Mays, Les Lecron hit and stole second, and Frank Sheridan walked. But the fun was over, and three runs came in.

The Shamrocks made another in the second, and the Giants failed to score even with Jake Mays bunting and stealing second and third. In the Third the Shamrocks got another run. Steve Field, hit, Lecron hit, Mary Elizabeth Douglass waited for the good ones, and when they didn't come, walked. Kit Cooke walked with the bases full, but Frenchy Murphy's pretty running catch of Hanley's hot drive to centre field saved the day.

The Giants thought they had better do some playing if they wanted to stay at the head of the league, so Eric Wilkinson hit, so did Freddy Ammerman. Jimmy Doud hit, and Woody Rowntree let out such an earpiercing yell, the startled Eddie Burns juggled the ball long enough to let him get to first. Jake Mays brought Jimmy home, and Waldo Hicks got to second on a passed ball after a single. Jake seized this opportunity to steal home, mak-

ing five runs and tying the score.

This didn't suit By's boys a bit, so Ernie hit and stole second, By hit, but was out on third, and Steve Field hit and stole second. In the fifth Pete Conlon bunted Frenchy got a two bagger and stole third, May hit, and when Marcelle was drawing a walk Frenchy stole home in a flurry of dust, and Eddie Burns put May out between third and home. Two more for the Giants. Hanley scored next inning, and the Giants held the Shamrocks in the seventh, winning by one run Giants 8, Shamrocks 7. It is only fair to state, that Eric Wilkinson, wearing Doc Staniford's sweater and playing in the field, batted 1000 percent. I know this true because he told me.

The Reds and Eskimos played a nice game, with Bill Young at first for the Reds and Frenchy Murphy for the Eskimos. The Reds won 6 to 4, but there was plenty of excitement at that. In the last of the first Gordy Campbell got a three bagger bringing Berkey and Winsor home and came home himself, while Bill Young showed how he could hit a Ford in the sidelines and make the ball bounce off two other cars. Versatile youth, is Bill. Charlie Frost walked in the second, Larry Pryor's hit sent him to second, they executed a double steal and Charlie stole home. In the third the Eskimos scored, Don Hale getting a nice three bagger, and scoring while Chet Hare got to first as Charlie Berkey rolled the ball ahead of him in the infield. The Reds hit too, in their turn at bat. Winsor come home on Gordy Campbell's three bagger, Bill Young walked and stole second and third, and came home on Bert Heron's hit.

Then Larry and Tommy Hooper stole some bases, but did not score, and in the fifth, Berkey walked Don Hale out of courtesy to his opposing pitcher, but Winsor didn't care for so much magnanimity, and put him out at home. Frenchy's two bagger sort of helped make up Winsor's mind that it had gone far enough. The Eskimos scored two more in the sixth, on Hare's hit and Thorups two bagger, and Tal Josselyns hit over short stop. The Reds popped out to Don in the seventh, and the Eskimos also failed to score. Hal Thorup played good ball, and the bases were stolen so often in the last two games, that a record was made for one day.

—HILDA

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CARMEL THE CYMBAL

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PERSONAL MENTION

PARDOW Hopper motored down from San Francisco and spent the week-end with his parents in town. Mrs. Hooper's brother, Robert Pardow and his wife, have been visiting in Carmel for several days.

Mrs. Frank Hall arrived in town on Saturday from Berkeley and will be here for a month or six weeks.

Mr. Scott Boyd, who has many friends in Carmel is up from Santa Barbara for a few days and is staying at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Hendrik Hagemeyer is entertaining Mrs. Dudley Kell-Jones for several days.

Miss Aennchine Kolb has returned to Carmel from New York, where she has been doing dramatic work for two years. She will visit her aunt, Mrs. Nugent for the summer, returning East in the fall.

Miss Ysabel Chafe and Miss Alice Hager were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon Moore at their ranch in Carmel valley. Mrs. Moore, who has decided to give up her Monterey house this summer, has recently returned from New York and will spend the summer at the ranch where Mr. Moore is breeding polo ponies.

Mrs. Frances Elkins entertained a house party at her home in Monterey in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Lyman. Kenneth Montague was host to a group of men friends over the week end, including John Parrott and Preston Scott.

Mrs. A. S. Larkey and her son Sanford Larkey, of Oakland were visiting their kinsfolk, Mr. and Mrs. John Jordan, at Pine Inn. Dr. Larkey is leaving for England next month where he will do post-

graduate work in medicine at Oxford.

Major and Mrs. Lee Watson entertained a group of officers and their wives at a supper party last week. Some of those present were Colonel and Mrs. Leon B. Kromer, Captains and Mesdames Ray Blount, Louis A. Legarde, Raymond Gibbs, John O. Hoskins, John L. Rice, Lieut. and Mrs. Bruce King, Mr. and Mrs. William Lee, Miss Rosetta Kromer and Lieutenants Douglas McNair, George Ehrhardt, and Martin Fennel.

Mrs. Lucius Powers motored the members of her Friday Card Club from Fresno to Carmel, where they enjoyed a bridge tournament, and many motor trips around this vicinity. The high score was won by Mrs. Potts. Mrs. Powers presented each guest with a special prize. Among those who came over were: Mesdames W. J. Eilert, William A. Potts, H. E. Vogel, Peter Droge, H. H. Alexander, W. A. Fisher, George H. Ball, and Harry Holder.

Professor F. P. Lloyd arrived in town from Montreal last week, and with David Lloyd will leave for Reno by motor where he will lecture on the 22nd and 24th of June. Mr. Francis Lloyd and Mr. and Mrs. Max Panteleiff who are on their way to Carmel are in New Mexico at present.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Kingsland of Carmel and New York have announced the engagement of their daughter, Gladys, to Mr. Franklin Dixon, of London, England. The wedding will take place in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis will spend the summer holidays in Carmel, coming over from Bakersfield to visit Mrs. Tevis' mother, Mrs. Richard Girvin.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Folger will spend the holidays at Woodside. They will occupy Mr. Folger's mother's country home as Mrs. James Athearn Folger will spend most of the summer at her place in Carmel.

Leon and Helen Wilson, who have been away at school for the past year have returned to Carmel and will spend the holidays with their mother.

Mrs. Navas Rey has returned to Carmel and with Mr. Rey is occupying her

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home on North Camino Real. Her son John Navas is a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and will remain in the East this summer.

Robert Hestwood is at work on a portrait of John Cooper Orcutt.

Professor Gray is down from Stanford for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison and a party of friends who were in the home of Mrs. Madison's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre, for a short holiday, have returned to the City.

Mrs. Hazel Flanders, and her children

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RUTH AUSTIN
ARTS AND CRAFTS THEATER

Mary, Walter and Billy left on Saturday for Hollywood, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Joseph Hopper and Tom Hopper left Monday for a short trip to Yosemite, and will return on Friday.

Mrs. Stuart Walcott entertained at dinner and bridge on Sunday evening. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Todd, Mrs. Ray Woodward and Mrs. William Argo.

Mrs. Dorothy Wilson invited some friends for supper and bridge on Sunday evening to say farewell to Mr. Eric Wilkinson who is sailing on Wednesday for Tahiti. Those playing were Messrs. and Mesdames Halsted Yates, Robert Welles Ritchie, Eric Wilkinson, Mesdames Robert Stanton and Percy Smith.

The Misses Ethel Walker and Gertrude Noskoviak are spending some time in the Yosemite Valley.

Ruth Austin will conduct her first class in ball room dancing for the younger set at the Arts and Crafts Theater tonight. Already several students have joined the class, and much interest is aroused by Miss Austin's announcement.

Miss Dorothy Cone is returning from Palo Alto today, where she has completed her first year at Stanford University.

Richard Criley invited a group of his friends to his home at Carmel Highlands one night last week to dance. Some of those present were Misses Marguerite Tickle, Alice Williams, Olive Littlefield, Pauline Meeks, Lucille Laughton, Florence Snure, Jean Shaw, Margaret Lyle, Evelyn Zaches, and Messrs. Maurice Stoney, Jimmy Hopper, Gordan Campbell, Walter Flanders, Sherman Snow, John Sandholdt, Thomas Warren, Carl Sandholdt, and Evans Brown.

Miss Maryan Hopper is in Hollywood for two or three weeks. She motored down with Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Eddy and will be their guest, later visiting Mrs. McDonald Cunningham.

The regular fortnightly dance at Sunset Schol Auditorium will be held as usual next Saturday night. These dances have become so popular with the young people of Carmel that the Committee has decided to continue them all through the summer.

TWO GOOD PHOTOPLAYS

AT GOLDEN BOUGH THEATRE

Which should a mother hold dear—her own happiness or her son's future? Frank Borzage's "Marriage License", which is shown at the Theatre of The Golden Bough on Saturday night, unfolds an intensely dramatic

story of a young bride who finds herself disliked by her husband's aristocratic relatives. Later she is accused unjustly and divorced by her husband because of their influence. After a lapse of eighteen years she is shown in France where she has raised her boy in the belief that his father is dead. His meeting with his father and grandfather, and the dramatic climax make a film story that holds the interest till the end. Alma Rubens plays the part of the heroine, and the excellent supporting cast includes Walter Pidgeon, Walter McGrail, Richard Waling and Emily Fitzroy.

The most widely discussed family in America today, "The Family Upstairs," is coming to the Golden Bough on Sunday night. It is a very human comedy drama, is built around a shy lover and a girl who lives in an ordinary home. Virginia Valli, as the girl, is a book-keeper in a vegetable market, and her sweetheart, Allen Simpson is an ambitious bank teller. He was scared stiff by the well meant and fussy mother, but helped out by the father, played by J. Farrell MacDonald, who sides with the daughter. Upset by the interference of her mother, the girl flees to Coney Island, pursued by her sweetheart. Here a number of intensely funny

situations grip the entire group and the bank teller almost comes to grief. In the end MacDonald wins a well merited victory, and leads his wife from the scene. The cast includes Edward Piel Jr, Cecile Evans, Jacqueline Wells and others.

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8:00 "	8:30 "
9:30 "	10:30 "
11:00 "	12:00 M.
1:00 P. M.	1:30 P. M.
2:30 "	3:30 "
5:00 "	5:15 "
6:00 "	6:30 "
8:00 "	9:10 "

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Carmel Calif.

"Why Marry" Read By Carmel Group

JESSE Lynch Williams' play, "Why Marry", which won the Pulitzer prize in 1917, and in which Nat Goodwin was starring at the time of his death, was read last week by the Carmel Play Reading group. Mr. Williams was present at the reading.

Recently, in a volume entitled "Playwrights of the New American Theater", by Thomas H. Dickinson we found several pages devoted to Mr. Williams and "Why Marry". We are quoting here the salient comments on the play, and next week we will give our impression of it —ED.

"Why Marry" is a comedy of such clean-cut and diagrammatic situation as to approach in structural respects to farce. It is, in fact, a higher type of farce in which the ends are not momentary laughter but deep understanding. Farce calls for the moving of men and women as puppets across the stage to get effects of laughter and surprise. This play calls for the moving of men and women as puppets across the stage to get effects of sympathy and insight. In spite of everything that can be said for William's characters, I insist that they are puppets. The ordinary good play takes upon itself meaning by the humanity of its character. These characters take upon themselves humanity by their meanings. The author is interested first of all in presenting a picture of marriage as an institution, not any particular marriage, but marriage in general. And the picture the author presents is sufficiently devastating. The cross currents of opposition to marriage are all represented. Legalized prostitution, boredom, frustration of will, the dominance of the weak over the strong—all the charges against marriage are faced. No problem play has presented a more terrifying view of marriage than does the author of this play. He literally says not one word for the institution. All the couples represent some phase of fundamental discontent. The author spares no pains and softens no blows. And his courage is well advised. After saying and implying everything that can be charged against marriage, there comes the final question: "What then? What have we to offer instead of marriage? Everything that can be said against marriage can be said against life. Yet few of us choose not to live. The greatest castigators of marriage, of women, have been the much-married like Strindberg. Is there comedy in that? There is unless you wish to take it tragically. Williams chooses to take it in a spirit of comedy. He shows at the end of the play all the couples who have been in one way or another tugging at the leash, united in disunion. He shows them married because he can think of

nothing better for them to do, and he can think of nothing better because man in all the ages has thought of nothing better. Rex does not want to get married because he wants to go on with his affairs, but marries nevertheless; Jean loves another, but lacking him, marries anyway; Lucy is weary to death of a husband with a mind of the Pleiocene age, but cannot leave him because neither of them has "sinned"; Uncle Everett believes in divorce in theory but has become used to his wife and cannot give up his bad habits; the clergyman brother reconciles himself and his wife to their hard lot by reference to the sacredness of sacrifice in marriage; Helen and Ernest want above all things to work together without intrusions of sex, but they are not allowed to do so and so they are married. For all of these marriage is the only outlet, the only "practicable" thing.

I think such a play as this cannot be judged by the ordinary standards of comedy. The situations are forced into line. The characters are abstractions. No one could seriously claim that such an imbroglio as this could realize itself in the talk of any group of people, however sophisticated. John, who is in many respects the key character—for he it is who starts the action moving and keeps it going by his dictatorial pig-headedness—is unbelievable either in himself or in relation to the other characters of the play. No character is so all-of-a-piece as John, so consistent in his attitudes. He represents the hidden spring of everything wrong that the author sees in marriage or in human institutions. Any man acting as he acts would be thrown out of doors on his head by some one before the end of the first act. As we cannot accept the play on the score of verisimilitude, we must find some score upon which it can be accepted. For it must be accepted. It is a drama of abstract forces identified with personalities, so arranged and thought through that the impact of the forces takes on a dramatic character. With Shaw and Barker, Williams is the exponent of the brilliant idea in drama. Less adroit than Barker in burying his theme deep under the action he is more entertaining than Barker. And he is more consistent in pointing a situation and seeing it through than Shaw. With a

little of Shaw's brilliancy he has more ability to discard what does not belong to his theme; and unlike Shaw he has no disposition himself to come before the curtain and dance. "Why Marry" was awarded in 1917 the first Pulitzer Prize as the best American play of the year.

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JUNE 1

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12 years practicing in Monterey

The OLD CHOP HOUSE

on SAN CARLOS

is OPEN again!

Cream of War Pictures To Be Shown at Golden Bough June 16



The story of "Men of Purpose" is based on the reports of the Generals in Command of the French, English, American, Russian, Roumanian and Serbian Armies.

THE cream of the cream of war pictures, skinned from the vast amount of moving photographs taken on all fronts during the great World War will be presented on the screen of the Theatre of the Golden Bough, tomorrow, Thursday, June 16th, when Monterey Peninsula Post No. 41, American Legion brings to Carmel "Men of Purpose." This magnificent production has been compiled from official camera records of the Allied countries and the Central Powers and assembled in true chronological order only after years were taken in going over and selecting the films best suited to the purpose in hand.

Starting with that day in 1914 when three shots were fired at Archduke Ferdinand of Austria and his morganatic wife "Men of Purpose" goes on to report with remarkable completeness many of the world-shaking events of the following four years.

There are battles before America's entrance into the war, closeups of kings, crown princes and prime ministers and occasionally a French general is seen embracing a hero. Later, President Wilson is shown addressing the nation, there are processions of the men in khaki—and America is at war.

Chateau Thierry, Cantigny, Exermont—these and other decisive battles appear in the film, and you marvel at the courage and skill of the cameramen who were able to go on calmly taking pictures while within a stone's throw from hand-to-hand fighting. Soldiers fall within 100 feet of the camera—and the camera goes on clicking. Then the scene is over, and you wonder if one of the bullets wasn't marked

for the man who made the film.

The daring photographers who took the pictures were members of the Signal Corps attached to the armies of the various countries engaged in the great conflict. These men certainly never knew the meaning of the word fear, in their efforts to scene pictures of their forces as they wrote their names on the pages of history.

The kings of England, Serbia, Belgium, Roumania, Montenegro, and Italy, and the Czar of Russian are shown with their respective troops as are also Lord Kitchener, Lord Roberts and many other great generals, many of whom have died since the great war.

Edward Kuster has generously donated the Theatre of the Golden Bough for the

presentation of "Men of Purpose." The performances will be at 7:15 and 9:15 p.m.

Owing to the expected congestion at the box office during the filming of this great spectacle, tickets may be secured in advance from any member of the American Legion, at the Carmel Land Co., the Carmel Investment Co. or Staniford's Drug Store.

The film will also be shown by the Legion at the Monterey Theatre on June 17 and 18.

Eliot & Marian

NEW SPRING DRESSES
SPORTS DRESSES
AFTERNOON DRESSES
EVENING DRESSES

HOMES AND BUILDINGS

I have constructed in Carmel form a record of which I am proud. They constitute performance that speaks much louder than promise. I will gladly confer with you on designs, plans and specifications.

PERCY PARKES
CONTRACTOR and BUILDER
PARKES BUILDING CARMEL
Telephone 71

Blue Bird Tea Room

LUNCHEON
DINNER
Tea Service

TELEPHONE 161



GOTTFRIED AND HALE

DESIGNERS and BUILDERS

CARMEL

Telephone 61

Notes and Comment



THERE have been several red-letter days in the life of The Cymbal, but none has possessed a more brilliant hue than this current number in which we print Idwal Jones' article on Norman Douglas and "South Wind." The editor of The Cymbal has assumed to list himself among the reverent at the shrine of "South Wind" and of those who marvel at the capacity of Norman Douglas' mind. He also proudly numbers himself among the acquaintances of Idwal Jones. In the considerably thankless and generally unenvied job of drama critic on the San Francisco Examiner, Idwal Jones has found time and opportunity to write particularly pleasing sketches for the American Mercury in whose pages he now appears regularly. His novel, "The Splendid Shilling" was recently published, but it is among those occasional rare books, of which is "South Wind", that escape the contemely of immediate popularity and gain more vital strength with the normality of the years. Mr. Jones, with Mrs. Jones and their daughter, have been spending the past two weeks in Carmel.

POSSESSING that curiosity which is human, even journalistically so, The Cymbal is asking itself several questions today and by next week hopes to find and publish the answers for them. They have to do with the most interesting and important matter of the present which relates to the Harrison Memorial library. They are:

1. Just exactly how much money was left by Mrs. Ella Read Harrison for the library?
2. In what form was this money left?
3. How much did it amount to when it was turned over to the board of trustees of the city of Carmel-by-the-Sea?
4. How much does that money amount to at the present time?
5. What withdrawals from that fund have been made and by whom?
6. How much has been paid to Argyll Campbell out of that fund, and for what?
7. Who were the members of the board of trustees of Carmel-by-the-Sea who paid it to him?
8. By what means was it paid and in what open meeting of the board?
9. What is the text of the provisions of Mrs. Harrison's will relating to the library?

Now, if there is nothing wrong with the library situation, there is nothing wrong with asking these questions about the library fund, and there will be nothing wrong with the answers when we get them.

Perhaps the Pine Cone will answer them for us and save us the trouble. Perry should know some of those answers right

off hand, without investigation of the record. And, beside, he hasn't yet said anything in his columns very vital about the library situation.

An Open Letter to Mr. Perry Newberry

DEAR PERRY: The Editorial in last week's Pine Cone explaining why the Pine Cone should be the "official newspaper of Carmel-by-the-Sea" I read with considerable enjoyment. I am not certain whether you wrote it, or whether Allen Griffin did, but to further the clarity of this answer to it, I shall assume that you did. As one of the editors of the Pine Cone you can't ethically object to that and if I am giving you credit that belongs to Mr. Griffin I ask his apology.

I was particularly amused by your opening sentence. You said: "Without going into the legal issues involved, which courts are constituted to adjudge, the Pine Cone states its reasons for believing that it should be the official newspaper of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea."

Then you go on with a lot of silly sentiment and untruths, attacking the legitimacy of The Cymbal, its advertising value, its news efficiency, and its general standing in the community. I say that I was amused at your opening sentence because it contains the only kernel of value in your entire editorial. It is true and, to you, it is sadly true, that the courts will take up and consider only the "legal issues involved" which are set forth rather clearly and irrevocably in the bill, recently signed by Governor C. C. Young, and printed elsewhere on this page. The rest of the stuff you wrote the courts will not and cannot consider, regardless of its verity which, by the way, is open to a great deal of question.

We will proceed to the question, commenting in passing that The Cymbal has never attacked your God-given and sentimental right to the legal advertising of Carmel-by-the-Sea, but has stated and emphatically that you are not legally eligible to print that advertising. That is in no way our fault, except through the mere fact of our existence. We cannot in any way be held responsible for the economic move on the part of the Pine Cone in transferring ALL its mechanical work to the shop of the Peninsula Herald some five miles away in the city of Monterey. We can only point to the law which plainly says that where it is possible for the legislative body of a municipality of California to publish its legal advertising in a newspaper that conducts all its business, and at least fifty percent of its type setting and "work of impressing types on paper" (a quaint phrase, that, isn't it?) within the boundaries of that city, it must so do. Otherwise, it may use the columns of a newspaper published in the nearest adjacent city or town.

Now it is possible for the city council of Carmel-by-the-Sea to publish its legal

advertising in a newspaper which does ALL its mechanical work in the city of Carmel-by-the-Sea, isn't it? For more than one year (a period which complies with another section of the same law) The Cymbal has been doing all its mechanical work in Carmel. For the same period of time you haven't been doing any part of your mechanical work in Carmel; that is type-setting and "impressing types on paper". And you will notice in this section of the law, newly passed by the legislature, that it says, regarding the fifty-percent matter, "a monthly average of at least fifty percent of the work of type-setting AND a monthly average of at least fifty percent of the work of impressing types on paper". The capitalization of the "and" is ours, to bring the most important little word more strongly to your attention.

So you see, Perry, that the courts of our land must look at this law and render judgment according to this law. They

AMERICAN LEGION

Monterey Peninsula Post No. 41

Presents

MEN OF PURPOSE

Official Allied Production, depicting the complete history of the World War, Armies of U. S., British Empire, French, Italian, Russian, Belgian, Serbian, American and German, shown in actual action.



A Film Monument dedicated to the Plunket of America.

Most Remarkable Spectacle ever shown on the Silver Screen.

Theatre of
The Golden Bough

ONE DAY ONLY

THURSDAY, JUNE 16

TWO PERFORMANCES

7:15 and 9:15 P. M.

ADULTS	50 cents
CHILDREN	25 cents

Also at

MONTEREY THEATRE

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

JUNE 17 and 18

really ought to be moved a bit by sentiment and if they were they would undoubtedly be driven to tears by your editorial as they handed the city printing to you, but they can't be, under the provisions of our Constitution, and they are bound to ignore your "age, character, financial stamina and probity, property interests, paid circulation and your friends and enemies".

(Ah, Perry, if we could only accept that final qualification as clinching the argument, how much more fortunate would I be than you!)

But let me proceed to consider a few of the untruths that you mixed in with your tears in that editorial.

You say that you "print more news in one issue" than The Cymbal does in a month. I had a great deal of difficulty in holding Hilda down when she read this statement of yours—you know Hilda. And it is, actually, awfully unfair to Hilda, besides bordering closely on a lie. When Hilda said it wasn't true, I answered that perhaps it was, and I took the most recent issue of The Cymbal and that issue of the Pine Cone and I counted. And this is what I found: There were 23 separate and distinct news stories in The Cymbal last week and exactly 22 in the Pine Cone. This was exclusively of personals and special "features". You had considerable more personals than we did, in point of number, but a great many of them were duplicated. I'll tell you how you accomplish this duplication and would suggest that you be careful about it hereafter, because it looks bad. You see, your girl picks out the personals from The Cymbal on Wednesday and sends them over to the Herald. Then when someone else makes up the Pine Cone personals they take the same ones from The Cymbal. Then you lift the personals out of the Herald and—well, you see what happens. So much for your inflated personal column.

Now, as to "features." You had several more than we did, but those of yours in excess of ours were devoted principally to your personal memoirs of old Forest Theater days, etc. Interesting, perhaps, but not important.

So, taking the two papers on their merits as news disseminators, The Cymbal last week was equally as good a paper as yours. Personally I think it was a lot better, but I leave it at the scratch with you to be benevolent.

You say you have five times as much advertising at I have. You are welcome to it. I couldn't print as much advertising as you do if I wanted to, which I don't. People like the size of The Cymbal's pages, and the number of them. I am printing a newspaper, not a Montgomery-Ward catalog. And as my "financial stamina" isn't as great as yours I cannot send a girl out calling from door to door at our shops after ads. Every once in a while when my advertising isn't quite up to what I need for that issue, I pick a good point and go after an ad or two. I generally get

it—I might be so bold as to say that I always get it.

Now, to consider the matter of circulation. You don't circulate and sell as many Pine Cones in Carmel by a long shot as I sell and circulate Cymbals. You know that, or if you don't you are not observing. And as for "paid subscribers", there are not half a dozen papers going out in Carmel that are not paid for unless there are a few subscribers who have lapsed in the past two weeks. I haven't had time to check up on that but I will before the next issue is out. You say that the Pine Cone goes to a "greater number of subscribers by hundreds". That statement, Perry, is—well, it is concentrated banana oil.

Then, you devote a long, admirably-written paragraph in your editorial to challenging the stability of The Cymbal and its regularity of publication.

The Cymbal came into being on May 11, 1926. That was a Tuesday, and Tuesday was selected as our publication day. Two months later we discovered that publishing the paper on Tuesday did not give us enough time at the beginning of the week. So we moved the publication date to Wednesday. And, beginning with May 11, 1926, The Cymbal has not missed a week. You speak of the law as not intending to discredit a paper of long standing. You admit humanity in the law. We accept that, and we say that no court in the world would recognize any nebulous technicality that would question the regularity of a weekly paper issued within twenty-four hours of its publication date and hour. And, for that matter, The Cymbal has only once been late as regards its publication date. That was two weeks ago, occasioned by the arrival of Memorial Day on Monday.

There is only one more point on which I want to touch. You speak of the Pine Cone as serving the people of this community "faithfully" for years. There is a grave question as to the "faithfulness" of the Pine Cone. If faithfulness is playing its own game in order that it might have "five times as many advertisers" as its contemporary: riding the fence on vital issues of concern to the public's self-respect and the public's pocket book: restraining itself from attacking political machinations that are detrimental to the public good; lifting itself aloof from attacks on individuals because of some fancied ethics that are more cowardly than ethical—if this be faithfulness, Perry, the Carmel Pine Cone may lay claim to the wreath of olives over a period of editorial stagnation for many years.

But all this is beside the point, although you occasioned it by your editorial attack on The Cymbal. The business of the city advertising will not be determined by your attack or by my answer: it will be determined by the provisions of the law which, as I have said, will be found printed elsewhere on this page.

—W.K.BASSETT

The Law in the Case

An act to amend section four thousand four hundred sixty-three of the Political Code, relating to newspapers.

The people of the State of California do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. Section 4463 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

4463. The word "established," as used in section 4460 of this code, shall mean, and be construed to mean, that a newspaper of general circulation, as defined by said section, must have been in existence, under a specified name, during the whole of the period of time designated and required therein. The word "printed," as used in said section, shall mean, and be construed to mean, that the mechanical work of producing such a newspaper of general circulation, that is to say, the work of typesetting and impressing types on paper, shall have been performed during the whole of the period as designated and required by said section. If a monthly average of at least fifty per cent of the work of typesetting and a monthly average of at least fifty percent of the work of impressing types on paper be done in accordance with the other provisions of this title such shall be deemed to meet the requirements embodied in the word "printed." The word "published," as used in said section, shall mean, and be construed to mean, that such a newspaper of general circulation shall have been issued from the place where it is printed, and sold to or circulated among the people and its subscribers, during the whole of the period designated or required by said section; and in no case shall the words "printed" and "published" be construed as synonymous, but each shall be understood to relate to separate acts or functions, necessary to constitute a newspaper of general circulation.

DOROTHY DAMIANAKES AND ENSEMBLE

at

Theatre of

The Golden Bough

JUNE 24

AT 8:30

Admission \$1 plus war tax

Idwal Jones Writes on Norman Douglas and "South Wind" For The Cymbal

(Copyright by The Carmel Cymbal, 1927)

By IDWAL JONES

READING is a process to be pursued in tranquility, and I do not recommend it in street-cars, except to alleviate boredom. Which is the reason that one day, five years ago, on disembarking at the Ferry, after a quite unavoidable trip to Oakland, I settled myself down in a Geary-street car, and opened a thin, Martin Secker imprint just sent me from London. I was enchanted by the glamour of the first paragraph. Here was a story about an Anglian Bishop, back from the cannibals; who stayed three days in the island of Nepenthe; and lost every one of his cherished opinions. At my age I have none, only prejudices, and I was curious to see what the wretch did—so curious that instead of getting off at Third and Market I was transported to the Beach, and had to pay another fare, and got back to the office two-hours late. In the smoker on the return trip was a sinister-looking Britisher, with one of those yacht caps, immersed in a book. I craned my neck to read its title, but he saw me first.

"I perceive," he remarked, with a truculent geniality, "that you also are reading 'South Wind.' I am not in the custom of shaking hands with strangers—but-er, do you mind—"

I have shaken hands with fellow-admirers of Norman Douglas' book a score of times since. I recall that Britisher with tenderest of feelings. He is the only person I have met whose enthusiasm for the book was equal to mine, which is so strong that I have purchased sixty-three copies, and not only dangerously lowered my bank account, but also made a nuisance of myself to countless right-minded persons congenitally incapable of any literary enthusiasm whatever. Many others, rendered timorous by the old adage, 'beware the man of one book,' have shunned me in consequence. Unthwarted, I shall continue proselytizing.

Norman Douglas, resident in Italy, enjoys a phenomenal though unspectacular fame in this country. I cannot think of any writer of his unique talent who has been written of less. "South Wind," an ironic, philosophical tale, is the capstone on a previous structure, "Siren Land," which deals with Capri, the Tiberius legend, hagiology, witches, fish and fauna, rocks and idylls of that island. Capri, I fear, is done for. It was as Brummagem as the Lido, as Coney Island: vulgarized by excursionists, and given over almost wholly to the equivalents of modern life. Douglas has packed into a huge amount of entertaining erudition, with flavors of Plato, Lucian and Nietzsche, and the character handling of Thomas Love Peacock. Everybody is, à la Peacock, in

statu quo, except the unfortunate Bishop.

Here is Douglas in his best style. He is satiric, simple and ornate, with a manner that is highly individual. There is a Latin crispness to his phrases, and a detached serenity that is none other than Grecian. The amount of knowledge that book contains verges on the appalling. In his philosophy he is eclectic. I suspect he has a sneaking fondness for the Victorians, for though they were stuffy frumps they had plenty of character in them, and Douglas is Scotch enough to appreciate self-sufficiency, and Magyar enough to admire an Oriental exuberance, if tempered, as happens with the southern Italians, with a lucid, chill intelligence.

For our grandparents, Mme de Stael's "Corrinne" was the vade-mecum to the Italian spirit; for our fathers, E. L. Voinich's "The Gadfly," that sad tale of the Risorgimento, sufficed; for today, "South Wind" cannot be matched. The caricatures of Miss Wilberforce, the synthetic lady sot; the Commissioner of Nicaragua; Mr Heard, the Epicurean, and a dozen others are an endless delight to connoisseurs of character and shrewd analysis. Again, he hits off well the Neapolitan type, really a dominant force in modern Italy, with its push, materialism, diabolical good spirits and bent for machination. Paganism is in full bloom, manifested in the flowers of religion and priestcraft, finance and politics, all wrapt in the soft, Lydian airs of Nepenthe. "South Wind" was penned ere the days of Fascismo, but since that is not indigenous to Italian soil, and is an accident of economics, so very much the better for the book.

Incomparable in another field, that of Italian travel, usually written of with the grossest false sentiment, is Douglas' "Old Calabria." That region, a triangle drawn from Naples to the heel and the toe of Italy, is more or less to Anglo-Saxon readers a terra incognita, and has been shunned by all literary travellers with the exception of the sensitive and ill-fated Gissing, who celebrated it in "By the Ionian Sea." Douglas unrooted the ground to its Phoenician bed-rock, grubbed up huge amounts of detail, ethnological, religious, historical and cultural, and collocated them in charming and orderly significance. The dissertations on the mosquito, the evil effects of denudation of mountains, the blight of Islam, the eucalyptus, cookery, music and the phenomenon of the Albanian colonies that have somehow survived for close to a thousand years, are passages of lucid and happy exposition.

Our hero is a compound of Bayard and philosopher at large. He is an indefatigable traveler. He has been known to travel on a most uncomfortable train for

a whole day in search of a good dinner. He spent twenty years exculpating Tiberius, and will get no decoration as Cavaliere for the job, for that Emperor looks so much more picturesque as a shady tyrant. I know of no other Englishman who had done so thorough a task in shewing up Lord Nelson as the vassal of the Bourbons, and who, through infatuation for Lady Hamilton, hanged to the yard arm of British battleships hundreds of the boys and girls who rose against the vicious and cowardly rulers of Naples. And in "Alone" there is a fine championing of the neglected Ouida, whose "Let-

Wrought Iron

The Forge in The Oaks

John Catlin

Carmel

WAFFLES

at all hours

LUNCHES

CANDIES

ICE CREAM

CURTIS'

Telephone 390

M. J. MURPHY

CONTRACTING

and

BUILDING

☞ ☞

BUILDING
MATERIALS

☞ ☞

OFFICE TELEPHONE 153

YARD TELEPHONE 88 W

ters" contain some of the best tracts on economics of the Victorian age.

The one interesting polemical controversy since the Stevenson-Dr. Hyde affair over Father Damien, in which Stevenson later recanted, is that between Douglas and D. H. Lawrence over the literary remains of Maurice Magnus, the "M.M." of Foreign Legion renown. Lawrence underwent complete evisceration, though his introduction to "Memoirs of the Foreign Legion," containing an unfortunate reference to Douglas, is, I believe, the most excellent of his prose writing.

He quits Tuscany at periods to wander in the Atlas mountains of Tunis, and a causerie on one sojourn he has served up with savage flimsy and store of odd learning in "Fountains in the Sand." For a while he lived in St Petersburg, in some diplomatic capacity, I think, and had a rather bad time of it in London during the War, when he was hard pressed for funds after the loss of his holdings in some woolen mills in the Tyrol, a family heritage. Long before this he had been a close friend of Joseph Conrad. Leon Gelber, the San Francisco bookseller, a Douglassian of the first water, received from Douglas a volume of correspondence between himself and the great Pole. I remember spending months of effort in interesting a leading New York publisher in this pile of extraordinary letters, which could have been got for a song, but the publisher, never having heard of Douglas, would none of it. In Gelber's collection is a set of curious monographs, entitled, "The Fossils of Baden," which testifies that the writer's curious passion for fossils existed as early as the eighties.

Douglas has performed a service in publicizing the posthumous work of Isabelle Eberhardt, "Dans l'ombre Chaude de l'Islam," in which this stranger caught more of the authentic note of the desert than anyone since Doughty. A traveller par excellence, his curiosity in all manifestations of life is in his mainspring. A burly, florid and handsome man, of brusque, bantering manners, a gifted pianist—he was a pupil of Liszt—with a scientific eye and soul with not a chemical trace of cant, he is an admirable compound of rationalist and artist. "South Wind", said a critic to me once, "oh, yes, a human 'Penguin Island.'" That was rather good, but whereas Anatole France looked upon mankind with irony and pity, Douglas views it with irony and sympathetic tolerance.

Capt. and Mrs. Eric Wilkinson left for San Francisco on Monday, and Capt. Wilkinson will sail for Tahiti on Wednesday to be away several months. Mrs. Wilkinson will stay for a fortnight at Pebble Beach with Mrs. Dorothy Wilson, when they will leave for a motor trip to Montana. Katherine and Tommy Wilson will accompany their mother and Mrs. Wilkinson to Montana. Mrs. William Argo entertained at a farewell dinner for the Wilkinsons on Thursday evening.

Milk Producers Heard

AS WE were grossly misrepresented in last week's Pine Cone, we wish to make this statement:

There is no trust or combine, whatever existing in the milk business in Carmel, but merely war declared off. Two years ago the milk producers of the Monterey Peninsula, who were not making interest on their large investments and a justifiable profit, decided to raise from 12 to 14 cents a quart. Mr. McDonald was asked to join in the raise at that time, but he refused to do so although he was not making the profit he was entitled to for the way he worked. He told the writer not over two months ago that he was all tired out and had to quit and if he did not sell his business he was going to close any way. I don't think Mr. McDonald will contradict this statement.

The Carmel Dairy Depot had no expensive outlay, therefore small depreciation, except on McDonald's own physical self, which was no doubt greater than all the profit he ever made in the milk business.

But this is the point:

Whoever took the business over would not be allowed to continue under the conditions that existed. The Carmel Dairy was the only one in Monterey County operating under such conditions and yet, in the face of these facts, it testifies 93 plus, owing to McDonald's extreme care. This statement can be verified by M. J. Young, county dairy inspector at Salinas, and by Mr. McDonald himself.

Mr. Erickson is at present expending about \$8,000 to give Carmel a Dairy Depot second to none in the state. The Eureka Dairy being a branch of the Eureka Dairy at Monterey, their milk is pasteurized there where they have an outlay of about \$12,000. This is where the increased cost of handling milk in Carmel comes in. Delivery costs in Carmel are twice as high as in the average city, owing to hauling over the hill, houses being far apart, and roads in the outlying districts bad.

It is not fair to compare us with Point Lobos. We are handling a different article. We may handle raw milk also, which can be sold at a better profit for 12 cents. Some cities have ordinances prohibiting the sale of raw milk and all should have as there is nothing so susceptible to contamination as raw milk. Pasteurization is universal.

We consider it poor business to sell an article for 12 cents when the market price is 14 cents and I think any sane person will agree a dairy operator's life is a hard one and he is an old man in a few years. He is surely entitled to a fair profit while he lasts.

We thank you,

**CARMEL DAIRY DEPOT
EUREKA DAIRY**

ARGO-NOUGHTS

STRANGERS have a way of gravitating to Sally's, and when the Round Table is in session, they are never disappointed; for the members of that honorable body are usually loud and spectacular in their hours of mirth, and have a habit of talking over current happenings in a way that adds a lot to what the tourists are pleased to call "local color."

Standing by the side patio one afternoon this week dutifully admiring Sally's garden, I noticed two strangers come in and after looking around, sit down at a small table. Gladys Vander Roest appeared in a new blue smock, carrying a tray. She took their order under my critical eye, and I said "How are rehearsals coming on?" Followed a line about the Forest Theater, and she went kitchenwards to get tea and toast. One of the strangers asked me if Gladys were an actress. (Funny how everyone knows I love conversation and seem ready for it at any time.) I told them just how good Gladys was, and how she had come up from Los Angeles to play the lead in "If I Were King."

They looked very puzzled, and said "If I Were King." But surely the young lady who was just here is the one I met yesterday up near the theater, and told me, when I asked her about the condition of the streets around there, that the play would be "What Price Glory", and the director had ordered trenches thrown up around the theater to bring realism to its highest pitch."

THE City Fathers needn't worry any more about the expense of the fire-uniforms. It has been money well spent. On the night of the Sunset School School program of Song and Dance at the Golden Bough, Fire Marshal Robert Leidig was on his way to take charge of the theatre fire patrol that has guarded the audience from back stage at every performance this winter. A group of attractive young girls saw him as they came out of the Blue Bird and an ecstatic voice exclaimed, "Oh look girls, the navy is in town"

A Carmelite who has just returned from Hollywood brings this one to town. A group of Easterners were dining at Musso-Franks and watching with interest the film stars who were pointed out by a waiter. There was a small girl in the party getting more excited as each of her heroes and heroines appeared. A large bug, rather like those wretched armored June Bugs that infest California this month dropped near the table and the child's father was about to crush it when she grasped his arm and shrieked; "Oh don't, Daddy, what if it was Lon Chaney in disguise?"

THERE was a lot of amusement in town last fall about a certain statue that disappeared from the Fox lot at Pebble Beach one dark and foggy night. There was also some excitement about it at the time, when the directors seemed to feel that the statue hadn't walked away, and therefore should be returned at once.

Now the statue has re-appeared. If you go along the old Santa Fe Trail it may be seen, a Semi-Venus now, (for following a sound classical precedent she has lost one arm) mounted on a pedestal, enshrined in an arbor, and gazing with unseeing eyes at the purple-lobelia and egg plant surrounding her, and thinking of the lost glories of the great cinema age.

—HILDA

To Graduate 27

(Continued from Page One)

are today. Instead of reading today's paper I enjoy reading the news of years to come. Perhaps it might interest some of you to hear what I read in the Peninsula Herald of June, 10, 1947.

A great headline splashed across the top of the page—"President George Young entertains his school mates at the White House." Of course it is not a surprise to any of you that he should climb so high. He started as a carpenter and built the ladder himself.

But what I read of some of the others, may amaze you! Today they seem simple children, but this article tells what the world thinks of them in 1947.

"From all over the world come the President's friends, escorted by a squadron of aeroplanes, invented by Milton Roach and Arthur Clay, which are being used for the first time on this great occasion.

As they pass over head, crowds of people watch the great machines. The Guest of Honor is Jo Bunker, who is about to be made Chief of the U. S. Navy. His only rival is Elizabeth Reamer, who has left the opera house in Paris, to come for one day in Washington to see her old friends. As I said before, these people come from the ends of the earth. But from farther away than any of them comes Cynthia Criley, from Africa, where she has been studying the depths of the Kongo Jungle.

This article tells the world that Miss Criley is the first woman to capture the famous O. G. bird, from which she plucked the plume, out of which the quill pen was made, that Anne Walcott, famous writer, wrote her first story with.

Of course you do not know, though it is old news to me, that the first bridge constructed between France and England will be the work of Harold Tollet and Teddy Leidig.

The plans have already been drawn and approved, for a huge bridge between America and England, under the supervision of Dale Leidig and Albert Com-

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

stock. This seems to wonderful to be true, but it must be, for I read it in the Peninsula Herald.

Gladys Roach, President Young's secretary, informed the special newspaper correspondent of the New York Times, Joyce Campion, that dress makers from all over the world will be in Washington, to see the display of dresses which have been designed for her friends, by Maurine Plein, the famous Madame Maurine, who sets the fashions for the world.

The four bridge builders already mentioned, are not the only ones become famous. Dr. Ambrose Love, famous dentist, has built bridges for all the crowned heads of Europe, not to mention crowning all the teeth in America.

Perhaps Ralph James most famous cartoon was his picture of Dr. Love with the slogan, "he makes them smile." Although his drawing of Stanley Bishop, fighting forest fires with water from his canteen, made the nation realize its need for greater fire protection.

Louise Pryor and Beatrice McDonald, happily married, will bring their families to the great meeting in Washington.

The astronomer, John Rockwell, will watch this meeting through his great telescope, constructed by Edwin Tyler, which he has placed on the top of Hatton Fields. He will not be able to join the party in Washington, as there are too many queer things to watch in Carmel. While Roy Walls does not venture to leave his great stock farm.

Josephine Dibrell has been persuaded to play her new sonata, four pianos will be used. She will probably play them all at once. This tremendous feat has never been attempted by a musician, and may prove too much for her strength. But Genevieve Newell, head nurse of the American Red Cross, will have a corps of nurses and ambulances ready for her or any guests who may be over come.

In the words of Miss Mary Bigland, president of Mills College, broadcasted over Bain Reamer's famous radio, "No class ever graduated from any school in this country has ever equaled the class of Sunset School 1927," tho it is her life's ambition to equal it in her college.

The article ends here, I can read no more.

—ANNE WALCOTT

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The Cinderella Shop

Among the New Books

TO THE LIGHTHOUSE by Virginia Woolf is perhaps one of the most interesting books of the present season. It is written in much the same style as "Mrs. Dalloway" but shows much greater skill in the handling of the interwoven fabric of relationship between a group of people. The first section of the book deals with a family of eight children, of whom the centre is the mother. She is the character whom one feels to be most closely identified with the author. One can well imagine Virginia Woolf looking round at the small events of every day and wondering vaguely what she has done with her life—at the same time, knowing it somewhere, and deeply. The second part of the book takes place in the mind as it were, of the deserted house. One feels it slide inevitably down the years, gradually letting go here and there, till finally "all together gave off an aimless gust of lamentation to which some door in the kitchen replied; swung wide; admitted nothing; and slammed to." The third section sums up the book and shows the effect of the original family upon its descendants and friends.

EVELYN GRAINGER by George Hummel is interesting as a study of the slow emergence of a woman's personality from the image of unawareness in which so-called normal people live. She is a rich character for whom change comes slowly at first until finally self-recognition releases all her processes.

MR. FORTUNE'S MAGGOT by Silvia Townsend Warner is as delightful a piece of nonsense as one could wish for. Mr. Fortune suddenly feels a call to go to Fauna in the South Seas to convert the natives. He sets out armed with the blessings of the church and a farewell gift in the shape of a silver teapot for which he remembers to take some silver polish. His one and only convert Lueli, a charming native boy, gives him all sorts of qualms, religions and otherwise until Mr. Fortune finally realizes that his attachment to the child is greater even than his

desire to convert him. He destroys his wooden idol and wrecked with grief at the effect on Lueli, he spends days making him a new one.

THE SCIENCE OF EATING by Alfred McCann is a book which is attracting much attention at present. The author shows the danger of upsetting the care-

ful and perfect balance which nature has arranged in certain foods—especially wheat. He shows that white flour in its present form is detrimental to health because chemically the balance is upset by the omission of important parts. He shows the danger of canned foods, white sugar, condiments, in a vigorous and convincing way and gives some simple rules for well-balanced meals. Elizabeth Mona-

(Turn to Page Sixteen)



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"What's It All About?" -- Fifth Chapter-- Neb Lewis Writes It

THIS is the fifth chapter of The Cymbal's continued story "What's It All About?" This is the contribution of none other than Neb Lewis. Previous contributors have been Katharine Cooke, Rem Remsen and Dorothy Woodward. The next chapter will be written by Louise Walcott. After that there's no telling what may happen. You will notice that Neb has waxed a bit biological if not logical in his effort at continuing the tale, and if our story seems to have mislaid its continuity, what about Marian who has apparently lost hers entirely?

Chapter Five By NEB LEWIS

AND now, dear reader, are you conscious of the blood curdling and sinister situation in which we find Sam and Marian, the hero and heroine of this terrible tale? Threatened on all sides by dire happenings they stand; he confused but hopeful, she, timid but undaunted.

Let us pause for a moment and consider the facts.

You will remember that Sam was dining with Marian and her father, at Marian's house, with no thought of the morrow, as you might say, being waited on by a servant with tattooed arms and a wobbly gait, when, without advance notice or publicity of any kind, a tremendous explosion occurred which hurled Sam through the open French doors, Marian through the floor to the upstairs bed room, but father was not accounted for until the next day, when no one seemed to know just what he had been hurled through.

At the stone house six miles away, is a sack of grade "A" rocks and a woman with magenta lips and a pale face. At Marian's house in town is a woman with a pale face and magenta lips. They cannot be told apart!

Are they one and the same person?

At the stone house a tall man drags the woman away by the hair. Barrels were being moved about in the cellar in a mysterious way, a tattooed man with a wobbly gait served as butler, the library contained books of an hypnotic nature, owned by the Duke, recently murdered step-father of a magenta-lipped woman. At Marian's house the other woman was confronted by Sam with a revolver and questioned as to the cause of the explosion, while Marian's father lies apoplectic in the telephone booth.

The whole mess was left stifling in a fog of exotic perfume.

Now go on with the story.

Marian had lost her continuity. Seven o'clock in the evening found her panting on her bed scarcely conscious. Marian's

continuity had been the one thing in her life that she needed most. It guarded her from herself. It was the slave driver of her inhibitions. It kept those inhibitions working for her, warning her, advising her restraining her. It made her demure and sweet, modest and retiring; a pure and lovable creature. With the loss of her continuity all of her "make believe" was lost with it.

At heart Marian was rotten.

Little wonder that we find her in the condition we do at seven o'clock in the evening of this eventful day. Marian was being herself.

Five hours had passed since she had locked the magenta-lipped woman in her closet and had flung herself writhing upon her bed. Her breathing had now become more regular and as her eyes slowly opened and her mind cleared, her first thought was of the woman of mystery locked in her closet.

Marian sprang from her bed to the closet door, tore it open and there stood the woman with magenta lips, dressed in Marian's newest evening gown. She had tried on all of Marian's dresses. That's the sort of thing that magenta-lipped woman always do, and anyway five hours in a closet with nothing to divert one is a

bore at best. Marian was furious. Seizing her by the nape of the neck she threw her into the middle of the bed room floor.

"You nasty sneaky thing," snapped Marian, "you're trying to copy my clothes." Marian watched the woman as she lay huddled and cowed, scarcely daring to move. Well, thought she, the matter of the dresses can wait. Now that I have this person in my power I shall wring from her the solution of the mysterious explosion, the grade "A" rocks, and the stone house by the sea. So thinking she went to the door, turned the key in the lock and threaded it carefully on her key ring. A heavy quirt hung on the wall. Marian snatched it impulsively and turned to the prostrate form lying helpless on the floor.

"Come across with the answer, dearie," said Marian in no uncertain terms.

"I will not," replied the poor creature.

"Then take that," said Marian as she snapped her with the quirt. A little of the magenta seemed to fade from the woman's lips as she winced under the blow, but she made no answer. Marian trembled with anger.

"You plotted to kill us," hissed Marian, "I'll make you tell!"

She thereupon pounced on the terror

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AND NOT EXCEED IT.

stricken female and literally tore her clothes to ribbons, leaving the unfortunate woman entirely nude." She raised her whip to strike, when, to her utter amazement she noticed a large scar more than five inches in diameter about midway between the woman's shoulder and her hip.

"Don't strike," pleaded the woman, "I will tell you all. You have found me out."

She raised herself to a sitting posture and told her story as follows:

"My name is Natalee Nomad. My sister, who is now at the stone house, is named Norma Nomad. We were born in the little village of Nadine in New South Wales. We came to this country when but a child. We had grown up together and were inseparable. We lived the same life, ate the same food, and slept in the same bed. Wherever Norma went I went with her, nothing could part us. To be frank with you, we were Siamese twins. As time went on we talked less and less to each other. I got so I didn't have to ask Norma any questions as to what we should do, where we should go, what she liked or didn't like. It was unnecessary for me to ask her when she wanted to go to bed, or if she wanted to take a bath. I would THINK the question. It would hardly come into my mind when I would immediately get a reaction from Norma. A twitch of certain muscles, a flick of the eyelash, a jerk of the toe. Perhaps a short sharp pain, sudden slower breathing or faster heart beats. A wave of heat or cold. Sometimes a dilation of the nostrils or the tightening of her skin across her forehead.

"I grew to know the meaning of each reaction. I had the answer to my question before I had asked it. Because of this there was no conversation between us and upon me fell the responsibility for both of us.

"I would think of something to do and if I got a negative reaction from Norma, I would think of something else. Thus, you see, I did all the thinking for both of us and Norma did all the reacting. I hadn't had a normal reaction for years and Norma was terribly dumb from never thinking about anything.

"I decided that we ought to separate. I remembered a Doctor Pluvus whom I met in Siam many years before, so I wired him to come to us. This was last spring. He arrived in due time and performed the operation which left me with the scar that you just discovered on my side. My story is ended."

Marian suddenly realized that she was no nearer the solution of the mysterious explosion.

"But what about the explosion, the grade 'A' rocks and the stone house by the sea?" she demanded.

"I refuse—"

"Marian! Marian!! Marian!!!

Three piercing shrieks rent the air. Marian's father was still in the telephone booth.

Sam had not thought of Marian's father. He had had another attack of physical al-

cohol just after Marian had dragged the magenta-lipped woman to the closet in her room. It has been told in a previous chapter, that Sam rubbed alcohol in his hair, on his wrists and in his arm pits. He had now gotten so low that he was pouring gin down his back out of a dipper. Physical contact with gin was what Sam craved. He had been wandering aimlessly about the house, tapping on the walls, looking in closets, and peering over transoms. He was confused. The whole darn thing was a terrible tangle to Sam.

Marian rushed down stairs to her father who was propped against the side of the telephone booth with one arm outstretched and his hand on his forehead.

"Why father, what in the devil are you doing?" Marian had forgotten that her father had had a stroke of apoplexy.

Martin Wayne looked up at his daughter and in a voice trembling with emotion said,

"My dear child, as you may possibly remember, I was stricken with apoplexy after having been locked in this telephone booth with that woman with the magenta lips. After several hours I began to recover my senses and as my reason returned to me, there came a vision in the form of a ghost-like figure. This figure sat down beside me and in a smooth, clear and resonant voice, unfolded the true solution of the explosion, the grade 'A' rocks and the stone house by the sea."

The next chapter will contain a full account of his vision as told by Martin Wayne.

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(Continued from Page Thirteen)

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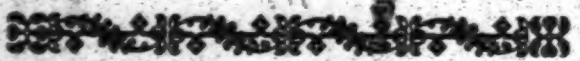
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